ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſeruingmen in their new fuſtion, the white ſtockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euery thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. Firſt know my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtris falne out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a ſenſible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beſeech liſtning: now I begin Inprimis we came downe a foule hill, my Maſter riding behinde my Miſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhouldſt haue heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe vnder her horſe: thou ſhouldſt haue heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe vpon her, how he beate me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he ſwore, how ſhe prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horſes ranne away, how her bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper, with many things of worthy memorie, which now ſhall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to the graue.

Cur. By this reckning he more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniell, Ioſeph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugerſop* and the reſt: let their heads bee ſlickely comb'd, their blew coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtſie with their left legges, and not preſume to touch a haire of my Maſters horſe-taile till they kiſſe their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur.

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you heare ho? you muſt mee
tenance my miſtris.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it ſeemes, that calls for com
her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue ſeruingm

Gru. Why ſhe comes to borrow nothing

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Ioſ. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: w
and thus much for greeting. Now my ſpr
readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is

Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and
Cockes paſſion, ſilence, I heere my maſter.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaues? what no m
To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe?
Where is *Nathaniell, Gregory, Philip*.

All ſer. Heere, heere ſir, heere ſir.

Pet. Heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir, heere
You logger-headed and vnpolliſht groomes
What? no attendants? no regard? no dutie
Where is the fooliſh knaue I ſent before?

Gru. Heere ſir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, ſwaine, you horſon ma
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along theſe raſcall knaues with
Grumio. Nathaniels coat ſir was not fully
And *Gabriels* pumpes, were all vnpinkt i'th
There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3706